MORE HALF HOURS

BY

J. A. RICHEY

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MORE HALF-HOURS;

OR,

A SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION

OF

"Fragments and Verses,"

BY

J. A. RICHEY.

HALIFAX:
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I

DEDICATE THESE HALF-HOURS

TO MY FRIENDS,

ONLY AMONGST WHOM

MIGHT THEY

HAVE BEEN MORE ENJOYABLY SPENT

THAN

IN THEIR REPRODUCTION

IN VERSE.

PREFACE.

HERE an Author usually offers his excuses for being an Author. It is much easier to find good ones for the imperfections of this little volume, than it will be to furnish such for my temerity, in causing it to be printed and submitted to public criticism. The book is made up of pieces written, some in boyhood and some in manhood, amid the work and worry of a thoroughly prosaic life: and while it has been pleasant to write them, their preparation has never been a principal business with me, or even one to which I could afford to devote much time. But manuscripts in a bin, are useless, or else inconvenient, and await either the fire or the press. Writing for the fire must be a hyperpoetical procedure which I have not fancied: and as most of the pieces now offered have been given to the press before and even accepted with more courtesy than

they deserved, I hope that I may be pardoned for not expressing great solicitude about the additional scraps in company with which they make their present appearance. If objection be made to the department marked "Miscellaneous," I explain that I was particularly desirous of avoiding the affectation of seeming to publish a course of my own poetry for a religious purpose. Making of sermons is a necessary and important part of my true vocation: but the formation of verses can never be other with me, I fear, than the easy recreation of unemployed half-hours of which few fall to my lot.—Apologies are offered to those whose names are, without solicitation of permission, associated with my rhymes.

FERN HILL, NEAR TANGIER, N. S.
S. CECILIA, V. M., 1876.

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THE DIVINE SERVICE.

The Poem contemplates the case of an ordinary village Church, served by one priest only—the only "Ministers" here referred to being Lay Clerks or Assistants at the Holy Sacrifice.

BLEST is the Eucharistic morn
To every child of woman born,
If to the Font he hath been brought,
Baptized, confirmed, and early taught—
And taught thus much at least to know,
With not uncleansed breast to go,
Whither the saints have cautious trod,
Unto the Altar of his God,
And, ere of Christ he asketh MORE,
Rightly His Presence to adore.

No act of fervent prayer and praise
But doth the soul to Heaven raise,
No pious deed, or thought untold,
But God with love doth it behold;
And yet the Universe, in prayer,
Might sure of answer meet despair,
If, for the living and the dead,
This Sacrifice might not be pled,
By Heaven as by earth adored,
The Sacrifice of Christ the Lord.

THE CHURCH.

WHAT brightness suits the holy place
Where God imparteth more than grace;
From whence ascends not prayer alone,
But VOICE OF BLOOD of God's Own Son!—
Each hamlet should present more fair
Than aught beside, its House of Prayer.

See ye this Church of solid stone,
It stands upon a knoll, alone;
Its roof upriseth steep and high
As it would penetrate the sky;
The Symbol there—of Blood to save—
On chancel, vestry, porch and nave:
A bell that ringeth daily thrice,
Marks now the Hour of Sacrifice.

—::—

THE FAITHFUL.

FROM North and South, from East and West,
All decently, but plainly drest,
Not flaunting dross of worldly taste,
Their words but few, their manner chaste,
The people to their temple haste.
Devoutly now each seeks a space
Whereon to kneel and ask for grace,
For grace aright his King to greet,
And offer up a service meet
To touch the Ear and Heart of God,
The sceptre win, avert the rod.
The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
The warm, the prudent and the cold,

The widow, bride, the celibate,
And lowly born, and proud, and great,
(Each heart with its infirmity,
Its life to live and death to die,
And bringing all its burden there)
Together kneel in lowly prayer.

—::—

THE ALTAR.

VESTED in gold-embroidered white,
Fragrant, and tapers all alight,
Bearing o'er all bejewelled Sign
Of Triune Love, the Love Divine,
The Altar thus proclaims to all
A joyous Easter Festival.

—::—

A PROCESSION.

THE bell has ceased, no breath has stirred,
Save from the vestry, faintly heard,
The choir responding thrice "Amen."
Expectant silence reigns. And then,
Like sound of distant waterfall,
Breaks, on the listening ear of all,
In Easter-music's glad refrain,
Telling it o'er and o'er again,
Till e'en the tombs must needs look gay,
That "Christ the Lord is risen to-day."
'Tis ocean-music on the shore,
A leeward shore, when enters, swift,
The Christian Standard borne before,

A white procession, like a drift
Of snow in winter, curling high
Into the chancel, while the eye,
Discerning smoke of incense there,
Foretells a fragrance. 'Neath the rood,
And filing up the chancel stair,
In order soldierly and good,
But making reverence before
The Altar, where they will adore
So soon when Christ shall shed
His Presence there, the choir has led,
The greatest last, and first the least,
Followed by ministers and Priest.
With hearts which to their God aspire,
The clerks their steps, their stalls the choir,
Have taken, and kneel; and the Priest,
Pausing a moment first, has stepped
Up to the Altar, and has placed
The sacred Chalice of the Feast
Thereon—the Chalice he has kept
So reverently veiled and graced
With gold embroidery.

—::—

THE PRIEST'S PREPARATION.

He then
Descendeth, that, with psalm and prayer,
Meetly his heart he may prepare,
To recollection. And again
Ascending to the Altar, north
Of centre, and still pouring forth
His soul in prayer to Him who reads
The secrets of men's hearts, and heeds

Their purposes, he saith aloud
The Pater Noster and the Prayer
For Purity. Nor merely bowed
And kneeling, do the people share
Such preparation: since they then
First breathe an audible *Amen.*

—::—

THE KYRIES.

THE Kyries follow. Though, of old,
Our fathers did not here unfold,
Unopportune, the dreadful chart
Of violated law, and smart
The kneeling worshippers with fear
Of malediction. God thus near,
They sang the Kyries: *we* the Law
Intrude between each Kyrie! Awe
Obtrudes its form midst blaze of love!—
Since Faith 'gainst Innovation strove,
And lost and won, but gained—the world.
A zypher came against the ROCK
Which felt not that, nor any shock:
But us the tempest might have hurled—
The wanton hurricane—to sea,
And sunk us in its short-lived glee.
Not so, His Holy Name be praised!
Did God ordain, but men upraised
Who faithfully conserved the cause
Of truth and faith and righteous laws,
And wrung, from chaos of the hour,
A cosmos not devoid of power.
And even when we kneel to sing
These Kyries to the Triune King,

And think of naught but LOVE Who died,
And all our lack of love supplied,
If, startled, we are forced to hear
The Law come thundering on our ear,
'Tis well if conscience whispers clear,
"The fortified have naught to fear,"
And clean Confession, gone before,
Our minds and hearts to peace restore:
But if unshriven we have come,
That hope is shorn, our lips are dumb;
Nor must we fasten our own blame
On Mount that burns with livid flame,
Nor yet on Mother not too blind;
Perhaps more indulgence were less kind.
The priest hath turned him to the west,
And, with the Law, hath done his best—
With each command hath given space
For Kyrie chanted back for grace
Of mercy, and for guidance right,
That Love may triumph over Might!

—:—

COLLECTS FOR CHURCH AND QUEEN.

WITH priest and people liege and true,
The collects for the Queen—will do.
The Second if the priest preferred,
He hath not in his judgment erred.
If either all it asks for brings,
We'll praise for that the King of kings.

COLLECT FOR DAY.—EPISTLE—GOSPEL.

DEVOUTLY joyous, next, they say
The hopeful Collect for the Day,
And the Epistle. But the Priest,
Addressing God, hath faced the East,
As *with* the people, leading on,
In prayer and praise before the Throne;
And thus, join they with heart or tongue,
Each Psalm, or Creed, will still be sung.
But *to* them now he turns to read
What they must hear and, hearing, heed:
And, when th' Epistle hath been read,
"Th' Epistle endeth here," is said—

Because it represents the Law
Which *had* an end. 'Tis not a flaw,
An oversight, as some suppose,
That no such other words as those
Come after Holy Gospel—sure
Throughout all ages to endure;
The best response that you can give
To that, is *Credo*—"I believe."

Yet here was incense and a chant—
A voluntary—both before
And after, lest the Gospel want,
While other portions still have more
Than recognition meet; for so
Doth ritual express the glow
Of true devotion, while it aids,
The dull awakens, cold upbraids.

THE CREED.

THE Middle of the Altar, now,
The Priest hath taken, to avow
Our faith in "what we have received,"
In all the Church, *unrent*, believed,
Ere yet, for honest parties two,
One Council sage had ceased to do.
This Faith each Branch retaineth still,
Yet adds, alas! whate'er it will;
Scorns in the past alone to live,
And license takes but none will give.
Where angels whisper, or are dumb,
Forbid untamèd thoughts to come,
Truth on their wings declines to roam,
And in thy conscience seeks its home,
Itself imparts, if God revealed,
Itself denies, if He concealed.

I hold that naught exists for naught,
Whence deep devotion then? and thought
Which claims eternity? And whence
The Church? her history? The sense
Is this, if we will not be blind,
That God hath spoken to mankind.
Religion is. 'Tis not denied
A want there was which *it* supplied.
But how? For if with falsehood, ill,
'Twere best the want existed still.
Then who to man the truth denied?
Transmitted falsehood who supplied?
But *Credo* doth the priest intone,
And singeth on, but not alone;
For *Credo*? oh! what mortal tongue,
The grandeur of this Creed well sung

By choristers, with organ peal
That makes e'en flesh like spirit feel,
Can tell to him, of ear unblest,
Who ne'er the privilege possessed
To hear it *thus*. And who could stand
Amongst that Christian soldier band,
With *Credo* ringing in his ear,
And entertain a doubt or fear,
As if mortality might be
A boundless, deep, unfathomed sea,
Ingulfing, in its midnight breast,
Of all God's works the noblest, best?
With Priest and people so agreed,
Devotion flags not through the Creed.
By gesture and by tone avowed,
By head at name of Jesus bowed,
By genuflections meekly made
When wondrous "Was made Man" is said,
And due obeisance not denied
At "worshipped and glorified,"
And Sacred Sign on breast displayed
At "Resurrection of the dead,"
Faith signals that her Creed is sung
From willing heart by willing tongue.

—::—

ANNOUNCEMENTS, &c.

Now poise, my Muse, on tested wing,
We'll soar again, and, soaring, sing;
But thou wouldst seek some pillar's shade,
While bare announcements must be made;
And e'en Devotion doth suspend
Its constant flame, lest aught offend;

Else pray no censure may disturb,
Nor excommunication curb,
Our Easter happiness. The Priest
Announceth that this queenly Feast,
Resentful if the guests be few,
Hath days of obligation two
Remaining yet. And p'rhaps for those
Who holy wedlock soon propose,
He publishes the banns—content
That they their bliss deferred through Lent,
And wishing joy may thrice repay
Their honorable, long delay,
As absence true affection fans,
This last *secreto* save the banns.

—::—

SERMON.

Now invocation duly said,
And text announced, he preacheth well
Who relegateth to his head
The argument alone: the swell
Of feeling, and the fiery dart
Of eloquence, come from the heart.
He wearies not, nor speaks in vain,
Whose words are forcible and plain
And not too many. Folks will say,
"The sermon was too short to-day."
And yet, in fact, 'twas only good
For th' appetite, like wholesome food.
So when "And now unto the Father,"
Proclaims the peroration done,
Each rising listener would rather
The argument was but begun.

OFFERTORY.

RETURNED before the Altar Throne,
The Priest suggests an offering:
And standing there, he doth intone
A "Sentence," which the people sing.
Meanwhile the coffers of the King
Are passed from hand to hand, and ring
With fitting tribute, 'tis instead
Of juicy Wine and wheaten Bread—
Oblation pure—and to express
The people's greater willingness:
For what the Sacrifice demands,
Is not enough for many hands
To offer. More each heart aspires
To give, than present need requires.
Besides, the offered Sacrifice,
Supported Ministry implies,
And, that It reach to every door,
Some kind provision for the poor.

The gold, the silver, and the "mite"—
The little all that doth delight
A Father's heart, and which restore
He will, but, with it, vastly more—
Unto the Celebrant are brought,
Who "humbly," by the rubric taught,
Presents it. So is Church possessed
Of what hath been accepted, blessed.

Tis quick removed, and maketh way
For The Oblation of the day.

OBLATION, OF BREAD AND WINE.

And thus is this Oblation made:
Before this Service was begun,
A canister of Breads were laid,
And cruets, one of Wine, and one
Of Water, on the Credence. These
It was intended, God so please,
To make His Body and His Blood
Who is our Spiritual Food
And Sustenance: but not that man
Produce such change unaided can,
Unauthorized, or either one;
But that when he hath meekly done,
Whom Christ commissioned this to do,
What Christ, for an example true,
Himself did, then the Bread and Wine
Be changed by Power All Divine.
But first these Elements, designed
To Use so holy, we do bind
By solemn Presentation all
To God alone, beyond recall:
And therefore are they now conveyed
From Credence to the Altar Throne;
The Breads upon the Paten laid;
The Wine—and this not quite alone,
But with a little Water—poured
Into the Chalice; and secured,
Both Breads and Sacred Chalice, all,
From least defilement, by the Pall,
This Sacred Cup and Holy Bread—
Oblated—are deposited
Upon the Corporal outspread
Upon the Altar's midst, and then
Are incensed. After this, and when

The Priest hath rinsed his fingers free
From all supposed impurity,
In innocence hath washed his hands,
He quick returns, and upright stands
Before the Altar, to renew
The act of Sacrifice, and, there,
He doth again oblate, in view,
With sanction mete of public Prayer.

—::—

COMMEMORATION OF LIVING AND DEAD.

And here is Intercession done
For all the Church, that ev'ry one
Who doth the Name of Christ confess
May Faith more value, and express
In oneness; and for Royalty,
That it may aye a blessing be,
And that it plainly may be seen
To be so in our sovereign Queen;
For her whole Council, and that they
Who rule may rule without dismay,
And still, throughout this vast domain,
Religion, virtue, firm, maintain:
For our Apostles, Priests, that pure
They may in doctrine, life, endure,
And ne'er the Sacraments defer,
But "rightly" "duly" minister:
For all the people of our God,
If prosperous, or 'neath the rod,
That, sanctified or comforted,
They still may be Divinely led:
For those in sickness specially,
That timely they may succored be:

For those who now in Jesus sleep,
For whom God's Holy Name we bless,
That He Who kept them, us may keep,
And bring, with them, to happiness.
And if this prayer with frequent pause,
The Priest hath offered, 'tis because
He hath meanwhile, in secret, pled
For many living and some dead.

—::—

DILEMMA.

AVAUNT who here could captious gaze
Through atmosphere of piety:
Avaunt who here could mope and maze:
O! let Devotion breathe and be.
Yet none are soulless. Wherefore go?
If thou thyself didst rightly know,
What rule could drive, what eloquence
Of unbelief persuade thee hence?
— 'Tis better stay. Perchance the sneer
Though bitter, may forerun a tear —
The bitter sweet — of penitence.

—::—

EXHORTATION AND INVITATORY.

THE Priest turns to us to express
The zeal of Church, her gentleness;
Her wifely zeal, that nought abhorred
Approach the Table of her Lord;
Her mother-gentleness of heart
That cannot see the child depart:

"Ye that do truly, earnestly,
Repent you of your sins, and be
In bonds of love and charity,
Intend God's holy Law to heed,
And life thereto conformed to lead;
Draw near with faith, and be ye fed,
Refreshed and inly comforted;
And, on your bended knees, deplore
The wound though healed that still is sore."

—::—

CONFESSION.

Such Invitation plainly said,
He turneth East, and bows his head,
While one of those who minister
About the Altar, kneeling here,
"In name of" all who shall partake,
Doth "General Confession" make.

—::—

ABSOLUTION.

Reiterated plaint of sin,
Reiterated loosing claims:
Confession did not *here begin*,—
Who then this ritual pardon blames?
With words of peace and Sacred Sign,
The Priest imparts the grace Divine;
And he whose sin is twice confessed,
Is twice with Absolution blessed:
The private was conferred on me,
This public on our company:

That off the conscience raised its load,
A benediction this bestowed:
The former, true, had greater force—
This latter, surely, freeer course.

—::—

THE COMFORTABLE WORDS.

SWEET Words of comfort, follow now,
Which Christ, saint Paul, saint John avow

—::—

SURSUM CORDA.

THE Priest doth then his hands upraise,
And bids us "Lift" our hearts in praise;
This quick response our lips afford,
"We lift them up unto the Lord."
He joins his hands in meek acknow
Of mercies which incessant flow:
"Let us" with "thanks" our God requite,
And we respond "'Tis meet and right."
"'Tis very meet," he saith, and brings
Enthusaism as he sings
Of "right, and bounden duty, ours,"
Everywhere, with ransomed powers,
And always, to the Lord our King,
An Offering, for Thanks, to bring.

—::—

PROPER PREFACE, DAILY, &c.

AND mother Church hath here supplied
A Preface meet for Eastertide,
Telling of Paschal Lamb once slain,
But gloriously raised again,

Who, by His Death, did death destroy,
And rose to bring us Easter joy.
"Therefore with Angels," then is sung,
Till "Sanctus" bursts from every tongue,
And people join with Priest to laud
The glorious Name of Triune God:
And if devotion be so strong
That Benedictus doth prolong
The Sanctus, 'tis no grevious wrong—
Our Mother's own forgotten song—
And music breathing, ere it die,
A strain of sweet expectancy.

—::—

PRAYER OF HUMBLE ACCESS.

THE Priest before the Altar kneeling,
Humble his prayer, humbler his feeling,
Placeth his hands to Altar Throne,
And pleadeth, in an undertone,
That it is not presumption brings
Him thus before the King of kings,
Without a righteousness to plead,
Or aught beside his people's need,
And his who kneeleth, trembling, there,
To pray acceptance of their prayer;
But that His Majesty is known
For mercies which will ne'er disown
A penitent. And almost dumb,
Because unworthy of a crumb
Beneath the Table of their Lord,
And yet presuming at His Board,
The kneeling suppliant doth crave

His people's pardon and his own,
That God, Who once so freely gave
His First Begotten Only Son,
To be a Sacrifice for sin,
Would let these penitents come in
And feast upon the Sacrifice,
That so His Body might entice
E'en theirs to purity, His Blood
Flow through them as a cleansing flood:
That they might dwell in Him alway,
And He in them for aye and aye.

—::—

THE CANON.

STILL glad would the Celebrant kneel,
E'en waive the priest the child to feel,
If, drawing nigh, ANOTHER PRIEST
Might come and consecrate His Feast—
Might come, as erst He came of yore—
Ubiquitous, through closèd door
And break the Bread, and pour the Wine,
And manifest the Grace Divine
Of His Eternal Priesthood—clear—
E'en now—to whom His Words were dear.
—For would not love be more than fear?
But since by faith we must adore,
And since the HIGH PRIEST comes no more,
But e'en on man an office waits
He hesitates who contemplates;
So, be his feelings what they may,
This man must consecrate to-day:
The Celebration he began,
Himself must finish, if he can.

He therefore riseth to effect,
By Words of Christ, with due respect
To holy precedent in act,
Stupendous—not uncertain—Fact
Of Consecration. Oh! ordained
He was for this, and is restrained
By no exception, that his word
Of prayer shall be in Heaven heard,
When he, invoking Holy Ghost
To consecrate a valid Host,
With Bread and Wine, the matter true,
Doth what his Lord, the Christ did do.
—And first he doth Commemorate
The Passion—next, doth Invocate
The Spirit—last, doth Consecrate
The Elements of Bread and Wine
Into the FLESH and BLOOD Divine.
Still, though he did but break the Bread,
And bless it and the Wine, and said
The Words of Institution—meant—
'Twould be a valid Sacrament.
And though the Altar was his breast,
'Twould be the same. 'Tis only best
That we should cluster round this rite
Glory and beauty, and invite
The Voice of Melody to bring
Hither its choicest offering.
What if in reverential care,
Through all this Consecration Prayer,
The servant is minute, precise,
And swerveth not, for new device,
Be it of thousands or of one,
From what the Church hath always done:

—The eye uplifted, form inclined,
May tell—the Churchman true—the mind
Of doubt relieved—the fervent will
This Great Oblation to fulfill,
To GOD, as Mother Church decrees,
And conscience more than men to please.
—The lowered, cautious, pleading tone,
As questioning if rightly done,
The palms outspread o'er "Bread and Wine,"
At "BODY"—"BLOOD" the Sacred Sign,
These are the marks, of old decreed,
Of him who Invocates indeed.
—And on the Table bowing down,
To imitate an act HIS OWN,
Whose Sacred Elbows rested there;
Signing the Bread with pious care,
  Kneeling to own It consecrate,
  Careful to deftly elevate;
Signing the Cup with pious care,
  Kneeling to own It consecrate,
  Careful to deftly elevate—
Concludes the Consecration Prayer.

Not all our English Church demands
Of right, but leaves to willing hands,
The minimum she *wisely* claims
Of ritual: 'tis but that her rule
May never lack obedience full,
Not that the maximum she blames.
What mother fond did e'er reprove
A supererogative love?
In this she shows her partial care,
This is her rubricated prayer,

Instructs the priest where he shall stand,
Minutely bids him when to "take
The paten" up, and when to "break
The Bread," and when to "lay his hand
On all the Bread." The Adoration,
Incense, and the Elevation,
Devotion prompteth to be done
Without a rubric. There is one
For taking of "the Cup" in hand,
And yet another to command
The Priest when he his hand shall lay
On "Chalice," "Flagon," or what may
Contain the "Wine" he did oblate
And purposeth to consecrate.

—::—

THE CELEBRANT'S RECEPTION, &c.

THE Priest hath genuflected twice
Before the Holy Sacrifice,
Once ere the Host he lifted up,
Once ere he raised the Sacred Cup,
And now he kneeleth to confess
Deep sense of his unworthiness
To execute, 'twixt God and man,
Office so holy, in the plan,
Complete for fallen Earth's reunion
With Heaven in this Blest Communion.
—He riseth then, and, standing, feeds
Upon the Sacrifice Which bleeds,
Painless, for man, for evermore,
On Christian Altars, as of yore,
Painful, IT bled, when Christ did die,
On Altar-Tree of Cavalry.

And thou, whose ill-attentive ear
The Agnus Dei, chanted here,
Disturbs, as with a boding fear
Of Rome: these worshippers survey,
This kneeling and adoring crowd,
And with unbiassed judgment, say
We now, if demonstrations loud,
With rude excitement, can compare
With loving faith we witness here?

—::—

PEOPLE'S ADORATION, COMMUNION, &c.

HERE Faith, with full conviction blest,
Acknowledgeth the PRIZED BEQUEST
Of Him Who died, nor doubting waits,
But all its own appropriates;
No lack of evidence deplores,
Prostrate, its Present Christ adores,
And kindles more intense desire
With Living Coals of Sacred Fire
From off the Altar! Oh! if this
Be not of Heaven's superior bliss
The glad foretaste—where shall we seek
It? Whither shall the lowly meek,
Earth's salt and savor, go to prove
Heighth, depth, and length, and breadth of Love?

And godly reverence is here,
Which love retains, ejecting fear:
Disorder, sure, would ill accord
With man's reception of his Lord.
—They meekly come who would be blest,
With hands ungloved, crossed o'er their breast,

And head, in homage, forward bent,
And kneel to take the Sacrament;
The Choir and Clergy first; and then,
As having precedence, the men;
The women last: and each receives
In open palm the BREAD He gives
For life of souls: and in both hands
They take, as awful care demands,
The CHALICE of that Living Flood
Which warms the City of our God
Unto celestial joy. And there
They Adoration make and Prayer,
And then they thence retire, to blend,
As still before the King Who reigns,
Their praise and prayer, unto the end,
In joyous Post Communion strains.

FRAGMENTS

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

It was the author's intention, had he completed this very fragmentary poem, to have followed out the plan here suggested, and to have taken up, as the work went on, not Scripture incidents only, but types also, and Scripture characters.

I.—ON SPECIMENS.

From all along the ocean's pebbly side,
A dozen pebbles gathered at low tide;
Some lillies from the vale, and from the mine
Some atoms: From the tresses that entwine
The neck of her whom we have loved of old,
One lock incased in signet of fine gold.

And so the Muse, these, gathered by the sea
Of Inspiration, bringeth unto thee
As specimens: of the dim days of eld,
A record; mysteries in types beheld;
And saintly lives that still have gilded o'er
The simple chronicles of days of yore.

They are but specimens. The sacred page
Lies open. Thither go, and there assuage,
At that thrice hallowed fount, nor deem it crime
Of sacrilege, thy thirst for the sublime,
The mystic and the beautiful, and bring
From thence thine offering, if thou canst sing.

II.—ON THE POETRY OF TRUTH.

As soon as say that no illustr'ous beams
Of poesy are shed upon the path
The good man treads, and that religion hath
Not power to awaken from their dreams,
To brightest, and most beauteous and divine
Realities, the spirits of the Nine;
Tell me yon sun with no true glory shines,
Although its warm, effulgent rays I feel,
Full in my face, their glowing light reveal,
And see earth beautified, unto the lines
Of forest, field and water, which do skirt
Yon far horizon; and the damp, inert
Mists of the morning, quicken'd, beauteous, rise,
To veil the brightness of too radiant skies.

—::—

III.—EDEN.

Turn we whither the Muse so oft hath soared,
On wings of thought, to Eden's hallowed bower.
Thrice sacred spot!—here Innocence adored—
And purity submitted to the power
Of earthly love—and to the creature's ear,
The voice of God came audibly and near!
Though one, a blind, old bard, hath sung thee well,
And little left for other bards to tell,
No bard of truth will pass thee heedless by,
While harmony, like that which reigns above,
And mystery and purity and love
Can animate the soul of minstrelsy.

IV.—THE FLOOD.

Or, if we rather seek a tragic scene,
Survey the devastation of the Flood—
A world of waters and of stagnant blood—
And fragmentary wrecks of what had been
Once glorious and beautiful. See there,
Midst desolation wild and dark despair,
The sternest form of Retribution rise,—
The Maker wills, and His Own creature dies.
And yet that Pity may not perish too,
An ark floats o'er the wide expanse of blue.
As much doth Mercy triumph in the few
Thus rescued from the all-submerging wave,
As Vengeance in the vast uncounted more
Who, crying, like their infants, "Father save!"
Still climb and crowd the residue of shore,
Till, gained its highest pinnacle, they fight
For footing brief, then float, then sink in night.

—::—

V.—THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Less gloom, if less sublimity, pervades,
Where hosts of liberated captives pass,
The hoary-headed and the young and maids
And infants, dry-shod, where but lately was
The fierce up-heaving of the deep Red Sea:
And soon shall be again, when the pursued
The peril shall have passed, and Egypt's hordes,
By an unholy avarice imbued
And mad presumption, trusting to their swords,
Shall seek to follow whom the Lord makes free.

He, dimly clad in robe of cloud or flame,
An angel or his God, or One Whose Name
Shall sweeter be than either, when to men
Revealed—God only now, the God-Man then—
Unknown to Israel, although their Guide,
O'er all their wanderings watches, doth divide
For them the sea, and, like a bulwark, stands
'Twixt them and death, when Egypt's hostile bands
Come rushing onward, still insanely brave,
To seek a foe—and find, alas! a grave.
There is no help for Egypt, none in flight,
In valor none; for who will stand and fight
The gathering waters when they "come again?"
At first they are as if a heavy rain
Drenched the Egyptian forces, but it pours
From either side, and thickens, from a shower,
E'en to a cataract, and rolls and roars,
Like two Niagaras, upon their power,
And pride and beauty who must perish so,
Till, once again, the waters ebb and flow
In their accustomed channel, still and deep,
Murm'ring, for those whom they have hushed to sleep,
A requiem. * * *
* * * * *

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHURCH UNTIL NOW.

THE Church of God, in former years,
Christ's solitary witness stood,
By Her He wiped the mourner's tears,
Through Her applied His Cleansing Blood.

His Holy Word, 'twas Hers to read,
And still the treasure safe to hold;
'Twas Hers His sheep and lambs to feed,
And bring them young into the Fold.

His chosen here, His Spouse on Earth,
For Him alone She lived and spake,
And Christians knew Her sacred worth,
And loved Her for their Master's sake.

No warring sects Her voice withstood,
No trusted friend concealed the sword,
The foes of Christ alone were rude,
All loved His Bride who loved their Lord.

And still She lived, and lived for Him,
And pleaded promise made to Her,
Nor grew Her faithful witness dim,
When ages joined the years that were.

Still, still She labored, struggled, bled,
And firmly held Her ancient post;
Till now each man his brother led
To swell the armies of the lost.

Each human whim a sect must form,
Each sect its wondrous claim display,—
The Church, forgotten in the storm,
Seemed like a thing of yesterday.

But Christ had suffered, so must She,
And still in all His footsteps tread,
Her sorrow must Her glory be,
She was baptized for the DEAD.

Not earth-bound are Her hopes and fears,
They rest on things beyond—above—
She looks to Heaven, through Her tears,
And learns, in griefs, that "God is love."

Of every carnal prospect cured,
She lays Her griefs the Cross beside,
Content to know what Christ endured—
Betrayed—forsaken—and denied.

—::—

OH, THE CHURCH OF OUR SIRES.

OH! the Church of our sires, is the refuge for me,
As She came, the sweet messenger, over the sea;
Like the fragrance that floats on the summer's
last breeze,
She hath told us of days that were better than
these.

Though the tones of a stranger as pleasant may be,
Yet the Priests of the Church are the pastors for me,
May their souls be as white as the surplice they wear,
And their hearts as devout as their voices' of prayer!

Oh, the books of the Church, they are treasures to me!
And the Prayers with the Bible so sweetly agree,
That, though pulpits should err, as the preachers may do,
Still the Altar is sure and is never untrue.

So the Creeds of the Church are the doctrine for me,
Her Sacraments valid, and frequent and free;
May Her God Whom She worships on earth, as above,
Be the God of my faith and the God of my love!

—::—

THE TWO PARTIES.

Two bands of workers find employ
Within the Vineyard of the Lord;
Of those the cry: "Deface, destroy,"
Of these: "Be ancient pomp restored."

And these, in comely vestments clad,
Their sacerdotal caste express,
While those, to veil their priesthood glad,
Midst worldlings walk in worldly dress.

The pulpit those, the Altar these,
  Would deck with costly art and care,
To flatter man, or God appease,
  And further eloquence, or prayer.

While these intone and chant and sing,
  And prostrate fall, to bless His Name
Who is at once their Offering,
  Their Priest, their Altar, and their Flame:

Discordant voices those upraise,
  Some mutt'ring low, some crying loud,
And *read* their prayers and *read* their praise,
  And scarce a sinner's head is bowed.

For those the pew, the lock and key,
  And church closed six days out of seven;
For these the seats, though plain, all free,
  And daily Offering to Heaven.

Yet these the few, by those the strong,
  Reviled, defeated—but not won—
Must yield their vestment, symbol, song,
  And suffer for the good they've done?

No—by His Love in Whom you live—
  No—by His Love for Whom you do—
No—by His Love to Whom you give
  Your all;—for He hath died for you:—

Be still in works of love employed,
  Be still with ev'ry virtue graced,
Rebuild what Ignorance destroyed,
  Adorn what Prejudice defaced!

MATINS.

THE morning is misty and mirk,
With clouds the sky over it spreads,
The busy are off to their work,
The idle are still in their beds:
But, up in the village, the bell,
The church bell, is ringing away,
To busy and idle to tell—
To church that the Priest goes to pray.

The people are forming their plans,
How each one may make himself rich,
From "hub" of the lady who fans,
To wash-woman's "man" in the ditch;
But some from this quarter and that,
And some from just over the way,
Subduing their voices, in chat—
To church are repairing to pray.

The village gets noisier now,
The teamsters go plodding along,
The school-boys, that chase a poor cow,
And others that join in a song:
But still is the tongue of the bell,
And some are beginning the day
(That well it may terminate) well—
The few who to church went to pray.

The clouds from the sky have dispersed,
The day is as clear as can be,
The school-boys their task have rehearsed,
Are out for "recess" in full glee:

But bright as the sun shines on all,
(And happy and glad is the day)
Full kinder its rays seem to fall—
On those who to church went to pray.

—::—

THE DYING DISCIPLE.

"Bid him enter. 'Tis the Priest.
O my soul! be glad to-day,
Hail the welcome Sacred Feast,
Sweet Provision for the Way."

"Aged Disciple, thou art lying,
Lonely, on the couch of death,
Peace to thee! mind not replying—
Shorter, shorter comes his breath."

"Vile and lost thy Church first found me,
Found me in the paths of sin,
Christ's embraces threw around me,
Washed me, fed me, took me in."

"Rest thee."

Now the Pure Oblation
Riseth, fragrant, to the skies,
Pleads for him the great salvation,
Ere the weary pilgrim dies.

"Take and eat." It is the Bread
God imparteth to His own.
"Drink this." 'Tis the Blood once shed,
Blood of His Eternal Son.

New London, P. E. I., 1863.

A PLEA FOR THE FISHERMEN IN CHURCH BUILDING.

THE Fisherman's toil is a wearisome toil,
And often 'tis dangerous too,
He planteth the labor, who reapeth the spoil?
Say Halifax merchants, do you?

Then now when he asks for a Church to his God,
The SAME WHOM ye rich folk adore,
Ye'll not be against him; for that would be odd;
Ye'll not be because he is poor.

When coming to market with cargo of fish,
What comer more welcome than he?
His presence e'en more than an earl's you could wish,
To pass you, what crime it would be!

Then *now*, &c.

Election day comes pretty often just now,
Too oft for the morals I ween;
For "shoremen" *so* often a zeal ye avow
Which now ye will cause to be seen—

Just now, &c.

Oh yes! for his poverty maketh you rich,
His labor hath given you ease,
And still there's a blessing with which
He will add to your joy if you please:

Yes, now, &c.

Then down with your offering cheerfully made,
Your offering helpful to man;
The Fisherman's debt as you know must be paid,
I fear that your own overran—

So now, &c.

O Parent! and Brother! and Sister! and Child!
This work is a work to your hand,
To build up a Church in the terrible wild,
The Fisherman's margin of land:

Oh, now, &c.

Oct. 14th, 1876.

—::—

THE AGGRIEVED PARISHIONER.

"We are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain in the public services of the United Church of Great Britain and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and we think this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress."—See "First Report" of Ritual Commission: but be careful to read with it, "Minutes of Evidence and Appendices."

He's aggrieved at the Church that it's pointed and plain,
At the Cross, that it's where he so wanted the vane;
At the Font, for the reason it's down by the door,
At the Altar, and Credence, and Alms for the poor.

He's aggrieved at the Priest for his cassock so long,
At the Choir for their looks, and their books and their song,
At the Worshippers bowing, and bending their knees,
At the Seats—that they're free for "such people as these."

He's aggrieved at the Bishop for "leaning that way,"
At the Synod and all, whether cleric or lay,
At the Eucharist AND at the vestments he saw:
Oh! "provide" *him* "redress" by a "process" at law!

—::—

MY HOME.

UNBOUNDED by the sea-washed crag,
My home, unbounded by the seas,
It is not where my Nation's flag,
Defiant, floats upon the breeze;

It is not where my feet first strayed
Flowers and grass and trees among,
Where all my quondam playmates played,
When we *could play*, when *I* was young;

It is not where the hearth still stands,
The hearth we clustered round of old,
When these were only tiny hands,
And Earth was fair and not so cold:

Where'er my spirit joys to be,
  Where'er hearts, greeting, bid me come,
Where frendship groweth constantly,
  Where'er my heart is—that is HOME.

Sydney, C. B., 1862.

—::—

READ THIS, FRIEND.

IT is rather uncouth—is it not, friend ?—
  That seldom you kneel in the church,
But stand during prayers there, or squat, friend,
  Then talk o'er the news in the porch.

It is kind of you truly, no doubt, friend,
  Of hearing the prayers to be fond,
But really, 'twould seem more devout, friend,
  To hold up your hands and respond.

For the Bible and Prayer Book, you know, friend,
  Are better than common good books,
But, certes, 'twere easy to show, friend,
  More sense of their worth by your looks.

The Church is the House of the Lord, friend,
  Where Christ has His worshippers true,
And He, by the angels adored, friend,
  Is the God so much slighted by you.

New London, P. E. I., 1863.

RHYMING LETTER TO THEOPHILUS.

T. S. Richey, Priest, Church of England, and brother of the author, was, at the time this piece was written, Rector of Kentville, N. S., and is now Rector of St. Eleanor's, P. E. I.

Fern Hill, Spry Harbor, Nova S.,
And August 4th or 5th, I guess.

DEAR THEOS:—

That you wrote I got,
Was glad to hear, I tell you what.
But as for off to Kentville going,
The thing would now involve hard rowing,
And wind and tide so adverse seem,
It 'pears to me most like a dream.
To "close the folds a week or two,"
Is just the thing that would not do:
My sheep so sharp for pasture cry,
They scarce will drive the lamb-kill by,
But, once unshepherded, might stray,
Where wilder flocks would lead the way,
Of ev'ry poison'd shrub might eat,
And fondly think 'twas better meat.

So saith the Priest; the farmer hear;
Nor deem the combination queer:
The farm and parish scarce allow
The sweat to dry from off my brow,
And yet, united, do not give
Me, clear of rue, whereon to live.
If I abroad my summer spend,
Though innocently, with a friend,
My hay, unhoused, unmade, unmown,
Must lay and rot where it hath grown,

My lowing herd, the winter long,
Upbraid me with such selfish wrong,
And bairns unmusically sputter
A sad lament for milk and butter,
While I, bewailing summer then,
The "winter of my grief" would ken—
I beg decline your invitation,
Pray kindly take this explanation;
Nor think, in brotherly vexation,
That *I* have suffered no temptation.

But now for you, whose fluent speech
Brings easy competence in reach,
Whose flock, on dainty pasture fed,
By stranger's crook disdains be led,
And, all your little absence through,
Will only bleat the more for you:
You surely might to Kentville say,
"Spare me a week or two, I pray?"
Provide umbrella lest it rain,
For Halifax take morning train,
Next day come down, through rain or shine,
With me, at six o'clock, to dine—
Do this at once, your conscience ease,
And "bring the children" if you please.

An invitation separate,
And not less urgent, as 'tis late,
But thus reserved to figure here,
As dignities bring up the rear,
In plural oneness, WE extend
To her whose life with yours doth blend:
And you will clearly see 'tis fair
That she your summer trip should share.

And now, until we see each other,
I am, dear T'oph., your loving brother,
Not Matthew, to distinguish names,
But your old crony playmate,—

JAMES.

P. S.—Some sermons with you bring,
Your note-book, likewise, as you sing.

—::—

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF A CAT AND HER TWO KITTENS.

FULL oft fictitious tales of woe,
In doleful accents, reach the ear,
And tears of pity rise and flow
For that which only doth appear.

Thus are we cheated to be sad
For things which never yet have been,
And often are we blithe and glad
While suff'rers walk our path unseen.

No varnished falsehoods here shall live,
Nor here doth minstrel seek for fame,
What kind attention you may give,
A cat and her two kittens claim.

Fear not to read: a moral, plain,
Shall close the tale you have begun,
And, while you read of Beauty's pain,
Learn you her fatal vice to shun.

A poor, neglected kit, in youth,
She knew the griefs you ne'er can feel,
And (for I would not cloak the truth)
She early learned to stray and steal.

Thus Robert found her, strayed, and thin,
As they are apt to be that roam,
But she seemed only bones and skin,
The day he brought her, shiv'ring, home.

In Emma's arms she now was placed,
"The beauty!" Emma quick exclaimed,
The word the cat thenceforward graced,
And "Beauty" was she proudly named.

Full soon her ribs began to be
All covered o'er with wholesome fat,
And e'en the servants owned that she
Was "an uncommon" pretty cat.

Three years she lived in ease and bliss,
Three families she reared with care;
And, if she sometimes did amiss,
To pardon Beauty seemed but fair.

Two kittens now, both beautiful,
Went purring ever by her side,
Or did at sofa-tassels pull,
Or ate the mice she would provide.

Oh! had she known to be content,
And had she shunned the pantry shelf,
She might her days have wisely spent,
Her kittens joyous as herself.

But foolish she her foolish kits
One day into the pantry led,
And to the floor in twenty bits,
Came down the dish on which they fed.

Alas! that dish, for centuries,
So grandma now, at least, averred,
Daily assigned its freight of pies,
Had been from heir to heir transferred.

What angry deed could now suffice
Our sense of wrong to freely vent?
Some deem that shades of murdered mice
Suggested Beauty's punishment.

Far from her home the sad ingrate
And her two kittens were removed,
And, left to mourn their hapless fate,
The folly of presumption proved.

MORAL.

Now learn from this, ye maidens fair,
That there be things which some may prize
More than your locks of golden hair,
More than the lustre in your eyes.

Gabarus, near Sydney, 1861.

—::—

SAID SHE TO ME.

SAID she to me:
"If thou wilt deign to find
A husband really kind,
I'll marry thee."

I hurried right,
As if 'twere death or life,
To Mister Jones' wife—
What dimmed her sight?
O fie! for shame!
It was a pearly tear,
And I was forced to hear
Of Jones' blame.

It would not do,
I went to Mistress Brown.
She met me with a frown,
For she was true;
But "as for men,
Their smiles where'er they roam,
Their grumbling still at home,"
She told me then.

And Mistress Smith,
And Mistress Morrison,
And even Mistress Dunn,
With Mistress Frith,
Each sep'rate one
Declared herself illused,
And very much abused—
'Twas not in fun:
So, even for my life,
I did not, could not find
A husband always kind—
Nor a compliant wife.

THE SERVANT GIRL'S DREAM.

I THOUGHT the mansion was my own
Wherein I am a servant now,
The rose from off my cheek was gone,
But then I had a lily brow.

Oh! all I wished was at command,
The world had nothing to deny,
With "ardent loves" on every hand,
The Queen of destinies was I.
All flattering epithets were given,
As "Star" and "Angel sent from Heaven."

My mind was educated, too,
That night of seeming blessedness,
And doubled pleasure, wild and new,
By perfect power to express.

I asked no more, I needed less,
The earth, I thought, was wondrous fair,
And yet my heart laid little stress
On all that bloomed and flourish'd there.
'Twas strange how happiness sat smiling
On faces lit with less beguiling.

For me, deep chiselled in my heart,
There was a room for sorrow mute,
Unswept by love's soft soothing art,
And by the minstrel's joyous lute.
I woke, I laughed with girlish glee,
And blessed my birth's humility.

For what to me were pomp and pride,
With servants waiting all around,
And what the flatterers at my side,
And what the blush of cultured ground,
While honest Peter neither cared
Nor saw, nor, seeing, could have shared?

Ah, now I look in Peter's eyes,
And read affection's brightest tale,
And am a bird of Paradise!
Oh! what would giddy wealth avail,
Were he from his dear Susan parted,
And she both proud and broken-hearted?

Portland, Me., 1858.

—::—

SPRING.

'Twas in the budding Spring, which had not blushed,
Nor on her cheek, the time whereof I write,
Assumed, as yet, those gaudy tints which rushed
So quickly up unto the pearly white.
The Winter had just fled. Its winds were hushed,
Or, loit'ring under Heaven's milder light
Which had supplanted now its wintry glare,
They bore the fragrant breath of flowers there.

The earth seemed burdened by its happiness,
The growing greenness of its full breast sighed:
The plants themselves seemed plaintive to excess,
And, unto ling'ring zephyrs, did confide

Whate'er such tender murm'ring might express,
Perchance the deep complainings of a bride
Whose mate had been untimely plucked from thence,
In its fair growth, which was for her defence.

And living nature, how it joyed and sang,
And wantoned in the light and in the shade!
With warbling merriment the whole earth rang,
For, in their flight, etherial songsters staid,
And came to earth. From thence they upward sprang,
Of human footsteps cautiously afraid,
And peopled cottage roof and creaking vane.
Then flew. The world is part of their domain.

The gairish girl,—herself within the bud,
So mystic, soft, and delicately pure,
Which had not blossomed yet, of womanhood,—
At intervals was merry or demure;
For there was much she could not, much she could
Unravel of those beauties which allure
The gazer's eye who looks on Spring's fair pride
Of animals that play and streams that glide.

Such season 'twas as I have written here,
On such a day as I have tried to tell,
With such phenomena as, much I fear,
Howe'er my words upon the theme might dwell,
I am inadequate to make appear,
Upon this paper, nearly half so well
As, under Heaven's all-creative Hand,
They were displayed on ocean and on land.

Letitia, only in her sixteenth year,
Looked forth on hillside green and verdant vale,
And saw each beauteous work of God appear
In its unsullied birth—Why should she fail
To imbibe the passion of a smile and tear—
The passion which hath but an olden tale
Of grief and happiness—the passion love—
Which they most envy who the most reprove?

Within her maiden, soft and lonely breast,
An unawakened nature merely dreamed,
With eyelids, half up-lifted in unrest,
Which would have opened wholly had they deemed
The power theirs to make a mortal blest:
But on Letitia's heart no ray had gleamed
Of love's bewitching sun; 'twould almost yawn,
With its first strange presentiment of dawn.

And yet a stranger's eye had gazed on her,
Had drawn a transient lustre from her own.
His heart had felt unable to aver
The reason why it seemèd quite alone,
Without a voice which could a moment stir
Its mopishness of life, since she had flown,
As 'twere, athwart his vision, leaving dark
The blinded gaze just touched by beauty's spark.

"Yes, we have only met that we may part,
As now forever, each to each unknown,
And to the end that one ill-fated heart
May have a fresh event whereof to groan.

Thou transient image! oh how fair thou art!
I would have spoken but that thou wast flown,
Forever flown, while yet each thought in me
Was mute for joy of having gazed on thee."

Montreal, May, 1851.

—::—

THE DESERTED.

A SLENDER form goes through the room,
Her steps uncertain; and her soul
Seems filled with an immortal gloom,
Beyond her mind's control.

'Tis but a year since she was sprightly;
Her feet scarce touched the russet floor,
As *once* she bounded forward lightly
And answered to the door.

Some say her heart was then cemented
Unto another's harder heart,
And that, when his its love repented,
Her own broke right apart.

"A foolish tale of childish love,"
I hear one half the world reply;
And all the sages will reprove
My story as a lie.

But come and walk beneath this sky,
Beneath this interested moon,
And we will talk of reasons why
Her heart gave way so soon.

When he who bade her love him so
Her willing love no more returned,
What prospects vanished! You must know
That when she slowly burned

His letters, one by one, they still
Contained the hopes that perished too:
She was the dupe of love, and will
Be sad her short life through!

Her prospects went, and then belief
In human principle was gone.
Perchance, you think that her great grief
Should have distrusted one,

And only one, and not the few
Who are unlike him. Ah! her best
Beloved, by his false conduct, threw
Suspicion on the rest

Of human spirits. It is done,
Her confidence hath been reproved
Forevermore; yet was she one
Who could have fondly loved.

But words are useless. From her face
The rose of glowing red hath gone;
The lily white hath ta'en its place,—
Paler than marble stone!

Religion? Ah! you have it now:
I own her heart should not be broken,
And grief should vanish from her brow
Whose peace my God hath spoken:

For oh! His ev'ry word is kind—
When earthly friendships false have flown,
In Him a woman's heart may find
Love changeless as her own!

Sydney, C. B., 1860.

—::—

INDIAN DIRGE.

O'ER rocky shelf, through sylvan shade,
The streamlet holds its crystal way;
And, bending fondly, bushes steep
Their lengthen'd locks therein; and glad
The skipping zephyr joins in play,
And urges onward to the deep.

Through all this wood of foliaged pine,
Our sires traced a course more free.
As swift as sweeping winds are wild,
Except their prey no bound'ry line,
They scourèd plain and mountain high,
When Freedom smiled on Freedom's child.

Their children nought pervades but gloom,
Unroll, O Earth! the lapse of years,
And let the past be past away:
Maliciously from yonder tomb
See ye how Cultivation sneers?
Our sires' blood enriched that clay.

Above us, Death's tyrannic hand,
Has long been brandish'd, full in view,
To strike us whence we deem our own,
And (aliens though in Fatherland)
Lo, e'en our still remaining few
Must soon be dwindled into none!

Wellington, 1855.

—::—

I.—NIGHTS IN THE WOOD.

'Tis night, and, far from shelt'ring roof,
I lay me down on brush-made bed,
In groves through which no iron hoof,
Nor white man's form, till now, hath sped.

On yonder rock my Micmac guide
Sits gazing up into the sky:
"There warrior chiefs in bliss abide,
Inglorious here their children die."

Our blazing fire crackles yet,
The glitt'ring sparks ascend full high;
For three sworn friends and true are met,—
"Shot" and this Micmac guide and I.

The moon is shining on the lake,
And beasts are prowling through the wood,
The partridge hides in yonder brake—
And this is forest solitude.

II.

By the moon's yellow light, which fell
On the bleak barren where he stood
And listened to the distant yell
Of prowling beasts, the hunter viewed
A far extending lake: its mood
Was calm; and so supremely still,
That often he his gaze renewed;
And all was peaceful, save a rill
Close by that murmured down the hill.

That night he slept more sound than ye
Who never left your beds of down.
Nursed in the lap of Luxury,
Stalled in the fumy marts of town,
Ye envy not his poor renown
Who scorns your tinsel and your show:
The hunter on his bed laid down,
His bed of spruce and fir, and so
Slept sweetly where the wild weeds grow.

His sheets were not of linen white,
He needed not a minstrel's aid,
Nor yet to pour o'er reading light,
To chase away some spectral shade;
But on his brushy bed he laid,
Secure, by rock and shrub wrapt in;
And thus, all blithe and undismayed,
He soundly slept beneath the wing
Of Heaven. 'Twas his covering.

1855.

A CLEAR DAY IN SUMMER.

At God's command, the healthful air,
By lightnings purged, bestows on flowers
The spring-like freshness that they wear!
At God's command the earth is fair
And smiling through her summer hours!

The ocean ceaseth to be wrath;
And, muffled as the gates of Death,
In deep profundity of awe,
Scarce answers to the passing breath
Of wind. As when of old it saw
Itself upraised, to leave a path
Throughout its midst, with placid brow,
So looks the ocean unto God and worships now.

The voices of the earth and sea,
The many voices of the air,
In chorus all, for praise and prayer,
Ascend in blest monotony.

Alas! there is a silent lute
Which giveth not a thankful sound:
Alas! for only man is mute:
And he, for whom the sea is bound
Unto the shore the wide world round;
For whom the light of day was given;
For whom the flowers deck the ground—
His lute, and only his, is riven,
And hath no song of gratitude to send to Heaven.

Halifax, August 5, 1858.

VOICE OF THE COMET.

Whilst the comet of 837 (which, according to De Sejour, continued during 24 hours within a distance of 2,000.000 miles from the earth,) terrified Louis I., of France to that degree, that he busied himself in building churches and founding monastic establishments, in the hope of appeasing the evils threatened by its appearance. The Chinese astronomers made observations on the path of this cosmical body, whose tail extended over a space of 60°, appearing sometimes single and sometimes multiple.—*Humbolt's Cosmos, Vol. 1., p. 84.*

A WANDERER on high,
I flash the planets by,
I leave their occupants to guess my name,
They know the heavens well—
Of me they cannot tell
Whither I journey on, or whence I came.

As I approach they fear;
As I recede they jeer
Each other's weakness; as if even they
Were innocent of awe,
Or knew the hidden law
Which guides a comet on its errant way.

Upon an orb called Earth,
Children of God, whose birth
Is in a mystical mortality,
Beheld me, as a bride,
Sit shining at the side
Of the resplendent Sun!—then what was I?

The harbinger of wrath,
I bore upon my path
Fulfilment to the prophecy of Fear!
E'en grey-haired Learning shook,
And, with an alter'd look,
Beheld me bringing retribution near.

I saw whole nations, bowed
With apprehensions, crowd
Into their graveyards, unto viewless Death!
I saw his tainted child—
Corruption—almost wild
Upon the kingdom of dethronèd Breath.

I saw the crownèd thing
Earth's people name a king,
In vulgar terror—raising unto God
Temple and sacrifice,
As though by such device
He might avert the just and angry rod.

The wise of ev'ry age,
The student and the sage,
Have written that I am a mystery:
They murmur of a "*star*
With fiery streaming hair,"
And of a "*flaming sword*,"—still what am I?

CARE.

O CARE! the lines which thou canst trace,
With thy sharp pencil, on man's face,
No gentler artist can erase—
Not even Love. Thou dost efface
Each fair lineament, and write,
Where hope was written on the bright
Unfurrowed brow and tearless eye,
Thine own long, mournful history.

—::—

LIFE'S LESSONS.

ARE hard to learn, and come but slow,
But pay their way, and never go,
And, like the planets in the sky,
Shine on unto eternity.
Good seed, increasing evermore,
They grow into an endless store.
Then he who will be wise at last,
Achieves, through failures of the past,
And things which forced the frequent sigh,
His great and final victory.

—::—

LINES TO YOU.

DAYS are passing rapidly,
Stealing weeks from you and me,
Stealing months that ne'er again
May requite us joy or pain,

Till we press a cold, damp bed,
Or till earth reveals its dead:
Then these years once more will be
Joy or pain to you and me.

Oh! to think how foolishly
Years of mercy we roll by!
Years for usefulness and love!
Years to fit us for above!
Years for which the Saviour paid
More than e'en the Cross displayed,
When His Blood distilled like dew,
More than angels ever knew!

Youth was never meant to spread
Clouds of terror o'er our head:
Youth is given to improve,
Youth is given us for love,
Love to God and love to man:
Let us know it, if we can,—
Then these years once more will be
Ceaseless joys for you and me.

Cape Breton, 1861.

—::—

TO A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN DEAF.

Now Heaven, for thy sake,
The silent spell doth break;
And strangely on thine almost startled ear,
Back comes the voice of love;
And melodies, above
The choicest music thou wast wont to hear,
Float newly on each passing breeze,
Or through the waving branches issue from the trees.

With bliss thy heart is filled;
Each word therein instilled
Is sweeter than to others unto thee:
It is a second birth
To know that power's worth
Which was a captive once and now is free:
The bud of hope hath bloom'd so bright,
All redolent with recollection and delight.

We bless thy blushing cheek
And eyes, when they bespeak
With smiles the recognition of a word,
So pleasantly they tell,
So truthfully and well,
That all which we have spoken thou hast heard:
'Tis this which makes our spirits gay,
'Tis this which turns our doubt and darkness into day.

We should this morn upraise
A sacred song of praise
To Him Who, though the Angels waiting stand,
Hath not forgotten thee:
'Twere better deaf to be
Than cured, if still not grateful to that Hand
Which hath, with love and skill, prepared
The medicine of earnest prayer and faith's reward.

Montreal 1858.

GOD IN ART.

Oh, not yonder stars alone—
Radiant worlds that make Thy throne—
Not the dark, unfathomed sea,
Where Thy hidden treasures be;
Not this earth assigned its place,
Changeless, in the realm of space;
Not the impetus it feels,
And revolves, but never reels;
Not its mountains, forests, vines;
Not its coral; not its mines:
These—not only these—O Lord!
Tell the power of Thy Word.

But yon edifice so fair,
With its turrets in the air;
Who hath built it? who designed?
What unknown, but master mind,
Inside, outside, up and down,
Hath such skill and fancy shewn?
Him I know not; he may be
High or low, or bond or free:
But—whate'er his name or state—
Thou, O God! did'st him create.

—::—

SUSPENSE.

Blew those winds for good?
Blew they not for ill,
While this heart hath stood,
As it standeth, still?

Husband! children two!
If on land? or sea?
God! what can one do?
Only trust in Thee.

Widow now? or wife?
Who shall bring me word?
Is it death? Is it life?
Why have I not heard?

Days have grown to weeks,
Weeks to months have grown,
And the heart that seeks
Longeth for *its own.*

In suspense is hope,
And in hope a bliss:
But it will not cope
With such dread as this.

Fear embitters day,
Dreams will madden night,
Till to think or pray
Seemeth hardly right.

—::—

"AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

Light on the pearly dew of morn,
Light on the brilliant face of day,
Is not the Light of hearts forlorn
Whose home, at eve, seems far away:
There is a Light that ne'er declines,
A Sun that never will go down,
A Radiancy that kindly shines,
Beneath the fiercest tempest's frown.

The things that bloom, bloom but to fade,
And Beauty stayeth not decay,
The light that on the morning played,
Surviveth not the close of day:
Light on the pearly dew of morn,
Light on the brilliant face of day,
Is not the Light of hearts forlorn
Whose home, at eve, seems far away.

The grace that sways departing breath,
Nor lets the fainting spirit fall,
But gilds with hope the bed of death,
That grace is supernatural:
There is a Light that ne'er declines,
A Sun that never will go down,
A Radiancy that kindly shines
Beneath the fiercest tempest's frown.

At eventide this Light shall dawn,
To show the Christian Pilgrim's way,
And, when the day of life is gone,
Will make for him eternal Day:
Light on the pearly dew of morn,
Light on the brilliant face of day,
Is not the Light of hearts forlorn
Whose home, at eve, seems far away.

Then let repentance chasten joy,
And living faith enlighten pain,
And hope the present world employ
To bring the nobler future gain:
There is a Light that ne'er declines,
A Sun that never will go down,
A Radiancy that kindly shines
Beneath the fiercest tempest's frown.

ON THE SAME.

I READ Thy Word, O Lord,
" At evening-time it shall be light,"
And lo! an angel stood
All clad in garb of spotless white.

He pointed to the page,
'Twas in a time of want and dearth,
The text seemed changed, and read
" Rain shall fall on the parched earth."

A widow knelt in prayer
To Him who doth the ravens feed,
The text was changed again:
" There shall be help for those who need."

An orphan next I saw.
And while I pitied his distress,
The text stood large and clear,
" The Father of the fatherless."

There was no ill on earth
For which that text no promise gave
Of either strength to bear,
Or an Almighty Arm to save;

And this because, O Lord,
Thy promise is of LIGHT AT EVE,
It might be written thus:
" What most thou need'st thou shalt receive."

ON THE SAME.

THE golden light, the golden light,
Upriseth o'er the eastern hills,
Repels the sombre shades of night,
And earth with its own beauty fills:
Yet far from here declines the day,
And other lands are growing dim,
And, while we early matins say,
Elsewhere they chant an evening hymn.

There comes a dawn, there comes a dawn,
But not, O golden light! from thee,
When Nature's darkness shall be gone,
And one unbroken day shall be.
That day will close, but not in night,
'Twill close in more divine display:
"At evening-time it shall be light,"
And day but merge in BRIGHTER DAY.

PIECES IN MEMORIAM.

PIECES IN MEMORIAM.

TO MY DECEASED SON—EDWARD.

To-day, my child, I knelt beside thy grave,
And asked why prayer had not availed to save.
No sign the grass, the mound, the stillness gave,
And when I spake *thou* madest no reply,
O Edward! Edward! wherefore didst thou die?

Time was when rather unto me seemed nigh
The king of terrors: thou wast brought to me:
I caught the brightness of thine infant eye,
And felt: "Live on, and *I* survive in thee."
And yet I could not leave thee, e'en to die;
So love of thee brought health and courage back:
But now my solitary path I ply,
A passenger left weeping on the track,
And thou art gone before me. Wilt thou pray,
"O Father! bring *my* father home some day?"

For thou again hast taught me not to fear,
I cannot shrink from death which thou didst bear,
Nor quite relinquish thee where now thou art,
O sweet, persistent victor of my heart!
For whom I watch as in the gladsome day—
My son! (for whom I would give thanks and pray,

But thou, I ween, hast little need of prayer
Who diedst too soon to know of sin or care),—
My son! though with the worms beneath the sod—
My son! though with the angels and thy God!
I sing to thee, my child. Upon thy brow,
The fadeless crown of saints sits firmly now,
And all thy torture did but tend to bring
Thee nearer to thy kindred and thy King.

I sing for thee, and stoop me not to fear
All others' disapproval, if thine ear,
Accustomed long to better strains than mine,
Detects 'tis love o'erfills each faltering line.
I sing for thee, and dost thou not attend?
That thou canst not, the Father's Love forefend.
I deem not death so dismal as that grave,
Let faith delude me—if it fails to save.

—::—

DEAD, BUT BLEST.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY C———.

MOURN not, lest thou grieve the spirit fled,
Joys are hers unknown to thee,
Think of her, but not as of the *dead*—
Go to her when thou art free.

Yet awhile thy soul must linger here,
Fettered, burden'd by the clay,
Till Death's Angel, ever hov'ring near,
Will but touch thee,—and away.

Whither do thine expectations tend?
Think of *her*, rejoicing think—
Faith and hope and love should blend
Over life's remotest brink.

Pain that once thine own dear Mary felt,
Racks her gentle breast no more,
For when Death his last kind office dealt,
Pale Consumption's reign was o'er.

Upward, from thy desolated hearth,
Glad, her waiting soul was riven:
One most lovely spirit less on earth,
And another more in Heaven!

Feb. 5, 1859.

—::—

ON THE ASSASSINATION OF THE HON. T. D. McGEE.

I was residing in Montreal at the time McGee edited the "New Era," and was known to him personally. His manifest anxiety to appreciate at its highest value every approach to anything like a colonial literature, was such that he called twice upon me, showed me much kindness, and spoke favorably of me, merely on account of some things which I had written.

ARE there who die whom none regret,
The meanest wretch still claims a tear,
And eyes of love for him are wet
Who laid this statesman on his bier.

E'en that assassin's blood outcries
For, perhaps, a tender mother's woe,
Who feasted once on him the eyes
Which can't the tribute meet forego,

But weep the more, that *he*—her child—
Recalls the terror of a dream
Which broke *her childhood's sleep* with wild,
Dismaying vision and a scream.

His blood, alas! shall poorly pay
The price of that he vilely shed,
And cannot wash the guilt away—
The dying can't restore the dead.

They blush who fondly weep for him,
And weep the more that they must blush,
While hopelessly the burial hymn
Floats near to earth through death-like hush.

We blush not who lament McGee,
His death hath made him friends of foes,
His praise upriseth fragrantly:
Fragrance by crushing; thus the rose.

He sang. 'Tis not his song we praise,
Others have sung, perchance, as well.
He spake. That night he did upraise
A voice that bound, as by a spell,

The men who marked his eloquence,
And listened as to dying speech—
That night—when going out from thence,
He fell within assassin's reach:

But 'tis not that. 'Tis not what he,
As poet, orator, or was,
Or might have been, which claims so free
And earnest, ardent, loud applause.

The world would coldly smile and say
What class, as poet, he had earned,
And keenly criticise the lay
Which once within *his* bosom burned.

But he had that which Genius hath,
The gift of waking sympathy,
And walked, not unobserved, a path
Ending in immortality.

Earnest his life was. Wrong or right,
With an indomitable will,
Whate'er he did, 'twas with his might
He did it, and with all his skill.

He thought for other men. For few
Think for themselves. The end is won,
When, some to think and some to do,
The work of life goes smoothly on.

But this we praise in him—He stood
A statesman trusted, and forewarned
Of death for being true, his blood,
His life, to spare he nobly scorned.

His Church hath Massed him. Did he die,
Then, humbly, too, as true and brave,
Seeking a glory in the sky,
With Him Who died a world to save?

Requiescat in Pace! If those
Who censured him would make amends,
And he is mourned for by his foes,
Oh! who shall now console his friends?

Rear *him* a monument? His own
He hath already reared in fame:
A government—not slab of stone—
Upriseth sacred to his name.

—::—

"IN CASSOCK AND SURPLICE."

ON THE BURIAL OF THE VERY REV. WILLIAM BULLOCK, D. D., DEAN ON HALIFAX.

He doffed, for the cassock and gown,
The midshipman's jacket of blue,
And therefore the Sailor was known
In much that the Literate knew—
The earnestness healthy and strong,
The joyousness sanguine and bright,
The "push" to do battle 'gainst wrong,
The nerve in defence of the right.

In "cassock and surplice" he knelt,
In silence, heart-searching and prayer,
While, pausing a moment, there dwelt
A Hand 'midst his clustering hair—
A Hand which bestowed on his youth,
With blessing, and warning, and gift,
To herald the Gospel of Truth,
The banner of Christ to uplift.

Right firmly that banner he grasped,
Newfoundland beheld it upreared,
And witnessed how tightly he clasped
The ensign by duty endeared—

The sign of the Manhood adored
By bending of every knee—
The cross of the Master and Lord—
The flag of the holy and free.

Again at the Altar he knelt
In "cassock and surplice" and stole,
And oh! what an unction he felt
Imparted from God to his soul—
Imparted by laying of hands,
The hands of both Bishop and Priests,
Of sin to unloosen the bands,
And consecrate Heavenly Feasts.

Right humbly the Chalice he grasped,
Ye marvel he knelt and adored?
Ye marvel he tenderly clasped
The Cup of the Blood of his Lord?
Go, maze at the feelingless heart!
At faithlessness, calumny, jeers!
But not that e'en death did not part
The Priest from his Chalice of years.

The Church whom, in age as in youth,
He wrought for and served with his best,
Repaid him with honors and TRUTH,
And maketh his pillow in rest—
In "cassock and surplice" and stole,
And clasping a Chalice *so* tight;
'Tis thus he hath answered the roll,
The roll of the Navy in White.

O sailor! and poet! and PRIEST!
O fervent and genial and true!
Of all thy survivors the least,
Hath paid here his tribute to you—
Hath paid of the little he hath,
To liquidate much that he owed,
For light that hath gleamed on his path
From light that illumined thy road.

DEVOTIONAL.

DEVOTIONAL.

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."—JER. x, 23.

OVER hills that were rugged and steep,
Over precipice, crevice and clod,
Where the Pilgrim could only but weep
As he followed the Finger of God,

From a place that was darker than this,
In a trance that was painful and odd,
I am led to a region of bliss,
(May I hope?) by the Finger of God.

But 'twas strange. I had started to stray
O'er a field of such velvety sod,
I should hardly have ventured this way:
But I know 'twas the Finger of God.

I had said, "'It is good to be here,'"
And the journey is dreadful to plod.
But a Voice said, "There's little to fear,
If your guide be the Finger of God."

By a light that I scarcely could see,
O'er a path I most tremblingly trod,
I am come, and what beckon'd to me,
(May I trust?) was the Finger of God.

If it be that there's mercy in woe,
If it be that there's love with the rod,
If it be that it's wisest to go,
Thro' great griefs, to the Finger of God;

Be it so. I will kneel here and pray,
It is much if the feet be but shod,
For it may be, the brighter the way,
The more distant the Finger of God.

—::—

SO CAME THY SPIRIT.

So came Thy Spirit, Virgin Born!
In gentle tremors over me,
As moves the breeze, at early morn,
O'er rippling lake and placid sea.

As rolls the tide against the wind,
Lashing the waters wild and high,
So madly rose my passions blind,
And did Thy Ghostly strength defy.

The wind, tho' fair, may cease to blow,
Thy Spirit, too, may cease to strive,
The tide will turn at last I know,
Imperil'd soul! canst thou survive?

In vain to men the change of tide,
When breathless rests the silent air
Their ships the sullen ocean ride,
And wait the storm in sad despair.

The tide, O God! at Thy command,
Back by the way it came doth go,
Thou hold'st the winds in Thy Right Hand,
Thou rulest all things here below.

So let the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing brightness rise on me,
As doth the sun in nature bless
Wanderers on the stormy sea.

Give Thou the wind: my Pilot be;
And make the changeful tide be fair;
The Haven, too, is all with Thee;
And Saviour! Jesus! Thou art there!

New London, P. E. Island, 1865.

—:—

RESTORER OF THE ERRING!

RESTORER of the erring!
Light of the strayed!
Down on her knees, O Jesu!
Comes a poor maid.

Sad is her history,
Soon is it told,
Warm was one heart to her
And the world cold.

No friend hath she now nearer,
Lord! than art Thou;
And if one once was dearer,
None is so now.

Oh! speak the word, Lord! only,
"Peace. Be forgiven,"
And bid her, when earth chides her,
Dare look to Heaven.

—::—

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

NOT to the Jewish festal hall,
Where wealth and pride the new-born greet,
Go thou to seek thy Lord, thy All,
And kiss the Holy God-Babe's feet.

For though the first sweet lullaby
Be sung to placid brow and mild,
Yet, when for *Blood* the man shall cry,
Thou wilt not recognize the child.

Thus infant purity resigns
To youth's vain wish and manhood's crime,
And naught with fadeless glory shines,
Or bears, unhurt, the lapse of time.

Not to the crowded inn go thou,
For God it hath no room to spare,
(Such as it was the world is now)
Thou canst not find the God-Babe there.

But seek the humblest spot of all,
And not the inn with lights aglare—
A manger—not the festal hall—
The mother and her Babe are there.
Maitland, N. S., 1868.

CAROL FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ALL fulfilled ? or broken vow ?
Quiet rests the old year, now,
Death upon its pulse and brow.

Under Eyes that watch o'er all,
Some did triumph, some did fall,
And each deed is past recall.

Some their race have just begun,
Some their course have nearly run,
Some do rest, their warfare done.

God our days doth still prolong,
Mother Church He maketh strong,
Till the right shall vanquish wrong.

Who of us shall pass away,
Ere another New Year's Day,
Oh ! be God his staff and stay !

Still unwearied, God above,
Looketh on the world in love,
Sendeth still His Holy Dove.

H. Trinity, Maitland.

—::—

THY TRUTH THE SEASONS.

THY truth the Seasons, Lord, declare,
Thy loving kindness they reveal,
They prompt the prayerless soul to prayer,
They force the frozen heart to feel.

The Summer, freighted by Thy Love
With blessings Thou hast freely given,
May well our worldly cares reprove,
Dispersed as summer clouds are driven.

Though solemn Autumn cries, "Alas!
Within the grave is beauty laid,
Which lived, grew, perished, like the grass,
And faded as the flowers fade;"

Yet Autumn tells Thy goodness, too,
Bringing from Thee a golden store,
And whisp'ring, all the harvest through,
"Who gives us this can give us more."

And though, in Winter, winds are cold,
And though, in Winter, fields are bare,
Or though, in Winter, snows enfold
What bloomed awhile and flourished there,

Yet Spring, from forests, gardens, fields,
Which wintry winds swept lately o'er,
Looks up, and this sweet lesson yields—
The dead may rise to die no more.

—::—

WHEN BLINDED GUIDES.

When blinded guides mislead the blind,
And doubts distract the feeble mind;
When all within, without, is dark,
And strong men tremble for the Ark;
Instruct us, Spirit! Light Divine!
To seek the truth in Word of Thine.

Although, alas! that Word doth tell
How far from Thee Thy creature fell;
It tells us, too, of Him Who died,
It tells us of the Crucified:
Ah! aid us, Spirit! Light Divine!
Wisdom to learn from Word of Thine.

O Holy Spirit! now uplift
Our souls to praise Thee for Thy Gift;
And, where its meaning seems obscure,
Shine on the page and make it sure;
And teach us, Spirit! Light Divine!
The Love of Christ, by Word of Thine.

Amen.

—:—

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

THE Book of books, O Lord, is surely Thine,
Effulgent wisdom beams from ev'ry line,
And sacred doth each loving word appear:
O Lord! we pray Thee, teach us how to hear.

Each precept, Holy Spirit! Thy behest,
To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,
We do implore the light we feel we need:
God of the Bible! teach us when we read.

By hearing and by reading, inly stirred,
By patience and by comfort of Thy Word,
May we the bliss of endless life embrace,
And live Thine Own forever, Lord, by grace.

Amen.

P. E. Island, 1864.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SING we now of God, from High,
Veiled in flesh, Who comes to die,
Us to bring to Him more nigh.

Him the Prophets did foretell,
Him the Angel Gabriel,
Him Saint John, unborn, as well.

Alpha and Omega, He,
God, th' Incarnate Deity,
Comes of Virgin born to be.

Sole Begotten, yet the Throne,
He, unflinching though alone,
Leaves, for sinners to atone.

God of God, yet Man His Name,
Light of Light, He veils the flame,
Sinless still, He stoops to shame.

King of Angels, and of Kings,
Comes He not on Angel's wings,
And nor pomp nor glory brings.

Room for lowly Jesus, room,
Now, in Virgin Mary's Womb,
Later still in Joseph's tomb.

He Who doth the world sustain,
Now a human breast will drain,
Know an Infant's bliss and pain.

Tiny hands of Him Who wrought
Worlds and systems out of nought!
Will ye now be thus new-taught?

Child Divine, Thy lowly guise,
Let not man, redeemed, despise,
But, with Thee, to glory rise.

Wish we ne'er Thy brightness less,
Healer, Son of Righteousness,
Rising now the world to bless!

Maitland, 15th Dec., 1868.

—::—

FOR THE EPIPHANY.

BETHLEHEM now is a city more blessed
Far than the noblest of cities of earth,
There the pure Virgin her God-Babe caressed,
There to the Infant Redeemer gave birth.

Ivory, purple nor gold, shine resplendent,
Decking His birth-place and cradle all o'er,
But from the East His Star, on the ascendant,
Leadeth three kings to His Feet to adore.

Sing now the angels and rest each bright pinion,
Groan now the powers of darkness and dearth,
Own His the power and might and dominion,
King of the Jews and of Heaven and Earth.

Hast Thou a star for the Magi, O Father?
We, on this day, do that mercy recall,
Guide to their Brother Thy Children, O Father!
Guide us to Him and reveal Him to all.

Maitland, 1869.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE Temple's veil is rent in twain,
And darkness broods o'er earth and sky,
And Saints step forth from death's domain,
And nature groans in agony.

From swollen eyes why fall those tears
Which only love bereaved could shed?
And why those cheeks all chilled with fears?
Those hearts whose holy hopes seem fled?

Saw'st thou the Man of sacred mien,
Whom Jewish Rabbis doom'd to die?
The thorns His aching Temples screen!
Heard'st thou the shouts of "Crucify"?

The piece of wood with transverse beam,
The nails, the cruel soldier's spear,
Whate'er might ope the Blood's red stream,
Were brought to pain the Victim there.

From swollen eyes those falling tears
Of "love bereaved" for Him are shed,
For Him those cheeks are chilled with fears,
As if each holy hope were fled.

The Temple's veil is rent in twain,
And darkness broods o'er earth and sky,
And Saints step forth from death's domain,
And nature quakes in agony.

P. E. Island, 1864.

EASTER HYMN.

Now we celebrate the rising
  Of our Master from the tomb,
Let the joyful news surprising
  Give us hope and heal our gloom.

Who but Christ hath crushed such powers,
  Death and hell and sealed grave?
Vain the lesson that the flowers,
  Dying and reviving, gave—

They *uprooted*
Had saluted
    Earth with fragrance nevermore;
But not vainly
Men ungainly
    Watched Christ's sepulchre's dark door—
Watch and stone and seal defying,
Christ has soothed our fears of dying.

Tell it Christians! Shout it over
  Every inch of trodden soil,
Brave disciples! Quick discover
  Why ye hunger, thirst and toil:

Ever watching, ever praying,
  In the morning, noon, and night,
While diseases most dismaying
  Trouble not your calm delight.

Ah, what sages
Said in ages
Now with other ages fled,—
That the spirit
Might inherit
Life which from the clay had sped—
Was but half the truth *we* cherish,
Neither flesh nor soul can perish.

And our Intercessor! bending
O'er us from Thy Throne on high,
Whither Thou, from Earth ascending,
Wrapt in cloud, wast seen to fly:

Once our human hands assailed Thee
Led Thee forth to Pilate's hall,
Thence to Calvary, and nailed Thee
To the Cross, in sight of all.

None did spare Thee,
Son of Mary,
Till Thy cup was full of woe:
Then a sentry
Guarded entry
To the place where Thou laidst low:
Only Faith dared then adore Thee,
Thee to deem the King of Glory!

P. E. Island, 1865.

FOR THE ASCENSION.

THE grief is past,
And now, at last,
  Upborne from earth, lo! God the Son,
The King of Kings,
On Angel's wings,
  Returneth, Victor, to His Throne.

No more to die,
He cleaves the sky,
  And riseth through the veiling cloud,
And beareth high
Humanity
  To reign eternally with God.

And if He wears
The mark of tears
  And bleeding wounds that number five,
Lo! vanquished Death
Lies low beneath,
  And owns the Crucified alive.

The pomp and bliss
And might are His
  Which once for us His Love resigned
When Flesh of God
The wine-press trod
  Of wrath Divine for lost mankind.

That Flesh is King,
And seraphs sing
  The New Way opened to the Throne,
While mute amaze
Fills men who gaze
  Where late the vanish'd glory shone.

Open ye Gates:
The concourse waits,
  Their harps all tuned impatiently,
Till now again
Returns to reign
  Who left them erst—and then to die.

Now bow the knee,
Reverently,
  Of things in Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
While to the Friend
Some hearts ascend—
  With Him forevermore to dwell.

—::—

THROUGH THIS LONG AND DARKSOME NIGHT.

THROUGH this long and darksome night,
  Thou Who dost Thy Presence hide,
Father! wilt Thou guide us right—
  Us, who trust no other guide?

Jesu! by Thy rocky tomb
  Riven, crumbled by Thy Might:
We, immersed in mist and gloom,
  Trembling, supplicate for Light.

Holy Spirit, Comforter!
  Comfort us with this we need,
(We, who do not wish to err)—
  Hand of Thine our hands to lead.

Holy Trinity of Light!
One sad soul Thou wouldst not spurn,
Shall Thy Church go through this night,
And for her no beacon burn?

One by one, and *all in* ONE,
Thou wilt bring us safe to Thee,
Until, doubts and trembling done,
Truth shines out eternally!

—::—

FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

HOLY, Holy, Holy!
Trinity Adored!
Be Thou, and Thou only,
Worshipp'd and implored.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
God in Persons Three!
Hear the song Thy children
Offer up to Thee.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
Thine the regal crown;
Saints and angels humbly
Bowing prostrate down.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
Unity Divine!
We, Thy little children,
Would be wholly Thine.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
Author of our days!
Thee, Lord God Almighty,
All Thy works do praise.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
On Thy changeless Brow
When shall gaze Thy children?
Darkness hides Thee now.

Maitland, 1868.

—::—

EVENING HYMN.

It is the vesper hour of praise,
And Thou art with us, O our God!
Dost hear us now our voices raise
Thy Name to magnify and laud.

Oh! we are vile; but Jesus! Thou
Art merciful and pure and high:
To Thee our knees and hearts we bow,
And in Thy House we deem Thee nigh.

Receive us, Lord; forgive our wrong;
Thy grace impart, and us restore;
Accept to-night our even-song,
And teach us rightly to adore:

Thee to adore, Whom angels bless,
Whom God through Virgin Mother gave
Thee in Thy Manhood's loveliness,
Thee in Thy Godhead's might to save.

For those in peril, sickness, need,
We meekly on Thy Mercy call,
Praying that saints may intercede,
And Thou propitiate, FOR ALL.

—::—

LORD OF ALL.

LORD of All! we worship Thee!
Thine let all things ever be,
Earth and sky and rolling sea,—
Thine this House of Prayer.

Lord of All! the sound, to-day,
Heard both here and far away,
Witnesseth what Prophets say,—
Thine the Written Word.

Lord of All! the Sacrifice,
Offered once, doth still suffice
To atone for guilt and vice,—
Thine the Altar is.

Lord of All! the Priest who stands
Careful, with uplifted hands,
Glad, fulfilleth Thy commands,—
Thine the Presbyter.

Lord of All! he dare not plead,
For our guilt and woe and need,
Aught, as pure, not Thine indeed,—
Thine the Sacrifice.

Lord of All! on bended knee,
This we humbly pray of Thee,
Thee to know and Thine to be,—
Thine the worshippers.

Lord of All! we worship Thee!
Thine let all things ever be,
Earth and sky and rolling sea,—
Thine who dwell therein.

4*th Dec'r.*, 1868.

—::—

HYMN TO JESUS.

JESU, Maker of the world,
Be Thy banner wide unfurled,
Let the nations bow to Thee,
Own, O God! Thy Sov'reignty.

Heaven high, and Earth beneath,
Thee, O Conqueror of Death!
Prince of Life, and Lord, and King,
Worship ever, ever sing.

Man of sorrows, Lamb of God,
Saviour from uplifted rod,
Son of Mary's Sacred Heart,
Surety Thou, Redeemer, art.

Rock of ages, Shield from harm,
Our Defender, 'neath Thine Arm,
In Thy pierced and riven Side,
Worshipping we sinners hide.

O Thou Son of Righteousness!
Source of light to heal and bless,
Good Thou giv'st without alloy,
Thou art Truth and Life and Joy.

Hope of Saints, the Living Way,
Prize for Whom we toil and pray,
Oh! when Thou our Judge shall be,
Wilt Thou judge us worthy Thee?

O KING OF NATIONS!

O KING of Nations! GOD of Battles!
The Faithful look from Earth to Thee—
O'er CHRIST'S BAPTIZED the war-cloud rattles,
And His are they who are not free.

Where P'chas misrule, where Carnage spreads
Its deeds that falsehood dares not gloss,
There the malignant Crescent sheds
Its sickly ray on trampled Cross.

But worse than foemen's ruthless steel,
And worse than Christian maid's disgrace,
If Christian hearts should fail to feel,
And Britain, for the nonce, be base.

'Twould be no creditable work
To stand—herself 'neath Holy Rood—
And aggrandize the gory Turk
With spoil of chastity and blood.

From 'neath that tyrant's iron sore,
O Christ! *in Thee* 'tis sister's shame,
In Thee it is a brother's gore,
That invocates to us Thy Name.

And will they vainly pray who weep
"*Our* FATHER"S we have thoughtless said?
Our brother's Keeper—can we keep
Our brother's foeman in his stead?

The paling Crescent to revive,
  Must Cross 'gainst Cross in menace move?
Or if for Servians Russians strive,
  Need we the Russian sabre prove?

Nay; call us Innocence to save,
  And call us to redress a wrong,
And call us to sustain the brave!
  And—for the right—we'll suffer wrong:

But call us not, O God! to stand
  'Twixt Liberty and the oppressed,
One hand within the Sultan's hand,
  Our sword against a Christian's breast!

O King of Nations! God of Battles!
  The Faithful look from Earth to Thee—
O'er CHRIST'S BAPTIZED the war-cloud rattles,
  And His are they who are not free.

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